A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, October 7. 1708.

WHAT a Dog is this *Boufflers* now? *Says a ſwaggering Fellow*, that told us at the Beginning of the Siege of *Liſle*, we ſhould carry it Sword in hand, as it were——I would have that bullying Fellow us'd like a Dog, Prince *Eugene* ſhould give him no Quarter—He a Soldier, he's a Deſperade, a Fellow, that keeping out of the Breach himſelf, only ſet the Men there to butcher one another—— It's plain, his Deſign was meer Murther and Deſtruction of our Men; if he had capitulated, when the Counterſcarp was taken, as all Governors do, he ſhould have been well treated——— But this Way of holding Out was purely a Deſign of his, only to butcher and deſtroy our Men—and ſacrificing his Garriſon purely for that Purpoſe. He's a Dog, a meer Dog, a true bloody *French* Man, a Cut-throat, a Papiſt, a Bully, let him be hang'd, cut a-pieces, give him no Quarter—A Dog, give him no Quarter——— He have Quarter! He ſhould have no Quarter, but to be quarter'd upon the Breach—*Patckul* him—Had we but a *Gothick* General, he would be us'd like himſelf.

Review. This is a Dialect, my mad Man is fitter to anſwer than I; *where are you, Lunatick?*

Mad Man. Always ready at a dead Lift. *Maſter Review*, pray, why muſt I anſwer him?

Rev. He

Rev. He talks something like your Fraternity, and I think, you would do well together.

M. I think he is fitter to talk *to you*, for I am not mad enough for you sometimes, and cannot run your Length; this Man is madder by half than I, and will fit you to a Hair; he is mighty fit for your Conversation—Or perhaps, if he is not now, he will be quickly, when the P.....t fits; for then we are like to have some mad Doings, and you may want an Auxiliary, mad Man.

Rev. Hush, Bedlam! if you are not mad enough now, you will be mad enough then; I don't know, but I may be mad my self then; I dare say, there will be Work will make a soberer Man than I mad—— And I resolve not to spare them, but to tell the biggest of them their own, cost what it will———

M. Nay, then you will be mad indeed.

Rev. I'll say nothing but the Truth, Man.

M. Truth, Man! why then you will be distracted, *Man!* For none but distracted Men will speak Truth to such People, *unless it be Truth that they like.*

Rev. Nay, I believe, they will hardly like the Truths I shall speak to them— But it is all alike to me, I shall fear none of them———

M. The madder still——But will you talk of something else, for I think, your Zeal begins to rise already with *bare talking* of it; adjourn, adjourn, and let's come to my Brother Lunatick, and the Mareschal *Bouffleurs.*

Rev. Well, what say you to him?

M. Nay, before I talk to him, let me know who he is; I don't use to talk to People before I know them———

Rev. I name no Names; but if you will know him by his Likeness, you may find it in a great many Places.

M. Where, pray?———

Rev. Go to ..... *Coffee House*, when the Hurry of *Pick-Pocket-Fair* is over, and the Stock-Jobbers begin to talk News, and enquire there for the three cornered Club. —There you may see a tall Thing with a *High-Flyers* Forehead, a *Whigs* Countenance, a senseless Nose, and a dissembling Chin———

M. Mad Stuff! What a Description is this?

Rev. A wandering Head, a Stock-jobbing Tongue, a K——s Thought, and a Fools Voice; do you think you can know him now?———

M. No more than you'd know a Cock-Magpy.

Rev. Why then go to the Assembly of Divines, in close Concert with a *Non jurant Rehearsal*—For the Support of the Church—*Not one Clergy-Man that owns the Churches Constitution being able to defend her.* Enquire there for the Angel *Gabriel*, a dark Seraph in Ecclesiastick Dress, with cloven Heart, confus'd Head, oilie Tongue, Orthodox in Dress, Hetrodox in Practice, Atheistical in Notion, Heretical in Doctrine, loose in Life, prophane in Speech, and distracted in Politicks———Do you know him now?

M. Not a Jot more than before.

Rev. You are Moor-blind then——Come hither, I'll show you him exactly. Go away to *Smirna*—and enquire for *Colonel Bluster*, and my Lord *ABTALK*, they generally stand together in a right Line from the great Looking-Glass, that they may see, if their Mouths make a good Figure when they talk Nonsence——The *Colonel*, bred to Arms, *understands Sieges*; he has made a great

great many Attacks in the *Mall*—and at Mrs. ——, and always takes her by Storm; so knows exactly, that *Lisle* could not hold out above 12 Days open Trenches; don't tell him of Prince *Eugene*, Prince *Eugene* does not understand his Business, if he does not take the Counterscarp in 8 Days and a half, and 4 Hours after the first Fire of the Batteries exactly—And if HE were to command the Siege, he would answer for it with his Head, (*a most valuable Thing*) that he would have made Monsieur *Boufflers* have beat the *Chamade* in two Days after taking the Counterscarp: My Lord backs this immediately with his own Experience; his Lordship has made 13 Campaigns in *Chocolate*—and has fought ten pitch'd Battles at *Picket*, with the most experienc'd Soldiers of the Age, and he gives it upon his Honour, d—mn him, if Monsieur *Boufflers* can hold out the Town above 14 Days.

Now all these People being deceiv'd, and the Town of *Lisle* having held out Storm after Storm, refusing to capitulate, and so to the last Extremity, as we all know to our Sorrow, now the Tone is chang'd, and this Dog *Boufflers* must be hang'd; the great Colonel aforesaid, *that Son of Thunder*, is for mauling him, for holding out *beyond the Rules of War*, as he calls it——The *Doctor* is for having him maltreated for a bloody-minded Man—— The Stock-Jobber bans him for losing his Wagers, and holding out the Place beyond all human Probability, that no Man could frame a Wager with any rational Guess; and he having given 30, 50, to 60 *Guineas*, to receive upon sett Days, the Dog has run them all out, and he has lost 1000 *Guineas*, besides the Assurance he had of winning twice as much: Now on all Hands Monsieur *Boufflers* is to be run down, and should he fall into the Hands of any of these Sons of Cruelty, he'd find but very indifferent Quarter—— What say you to all this now?

M. The Story is too long, I'll tell you my Opinion in your next.

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